

Shrugged the younger stone: "Oh, it's the thing these days to land on human heads, particularly unpopular ones. The last time I saw two of my boys, they were disappearing into the windscreen of a motor car whose owner had scabbed when the people said everybody should not go to work."

"But it is more exciting when you are in a hand of a good and angry young man or woman -and there are thousands of them nowadays - who can take good aim and land you on the intended window or head. It is fun to know how small I am yet what power I possessed. On the other hand, it is sad when I am abused and miss my target, because that is a wasted chance and it may not be till another funeral that I am put to use again."

"Did you say funeral?" inquired the other stones simultaneously.

"Yes, throwing stones goes with a heavy price these days. If my thrower breaks a window pane, the European settler magistrates say he is guilty of sabotage and usually sentence him to not less than five years in jail. That is when the thrower is very, very lucky."

Asked the other two: "You say five years in prison is very, very lucky? Do you mean that he can get even more than five years?"

Replied the urban stone: "The last little boy who threw me, whom I loved and now miss very much, was shot dead. That is what happens nowadays. Which brings me to the question of funerals almost every day."

"Because people are shot dead so regularly, their funerals are held as regularly. And because the people hate those who shoot them, and because those who shoot the peo-

ple never keep away from the people's funerals, this results in more stones being thrown and more people being shot. These days stones are much more precious than all the gold and diamonds below the ground, because they are the people's only defence against bullets."

The rural stones pondered this bit of news. It was too much for them, because they had been isolated from the rest of stonekind for so long. Nonetheless they expressed a wish to be part of the urban happenings.

Said the newcomer: "You will be part of the scene sooner than you realise, because the people's anger at European rule is spreading right across the length and breadth of this land. If I do not see you here again, in case I am washed away in the next floods, we will meet in Pretoria. Good night."

Hymn for Africa

*Oh, pray, Africa, pray
pray to the Jesus of dismay
for your suffering is right
and deserved,
there are too many blackened souls among you*

*Good people of Africa, pray
wait for the fruits of tomorrow
and not of today,
for the Imperialist Gods will
that you serve this way
Oh pray to Them, Africa, pray*

*Give praise and homage
to the highest God,
give money to His Church
if Jesus be that big-bellied preacher,
He wills that you give this way.
Turn the other cheek,
be humble, be gay
if the Trinity be Those Chauffered in Benzes,
They will that you act this way
Oh pray to Jesus, Africa, pray*

*Do not delay, Africa, do not delay
Toss these shackles of superstition away,
let no one — not even Jesus take
your freedom away
Be not prey, Africa. Be not prey.*

Bob Slaymaker